

Fat Joe

"What's Luv? - Featuring Ja-Rule & Ashanti"

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Put the fuckin' mic on
Mic is on? Joe Crack the Don, uh
Uh, Irv Gotti
What's luv?
Ashanti, Terror, Terror Squad
It should be about us, be about trust

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it, babe)
What's luv?
It's about us, it's about trust, babe

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it, babe)
What's luv?
It should be about us, it should be about trust, babe
What's luv?

Yeah, uh, uh, uh, woo, yeah, slow down, baby
Let you know from the gate I don't go down, lady
I wanna chick with thick hips that licks her lips
She can be the office type or like to strip
Girl, you get me aroused how you look in my eye
But you talk too much, man, you're ruinin' my high
Don't wanna lose the feelin' 'cuz the roof is chillin'
It's on fire and you lookin' good for the gettin'

I'ma, rider, whether in a hoodie or a linen
A provider, you should see the jewelery on my women
And I'm livin' it up, the Squad stay fillin' the truck
With chicks that's willin' to triz with us, uh
You say you gotta man and you're in love
But what's love gotta do with a little menage?
After the party, me and you
Could just slide for a few and she could come too
That's luv

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it, babe)
What's luv?
It's about us, it's about trust, babe

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it, babe)
What's luv?
It should be about us, it should be about trust, babe
What's luv?

Yeah, uh, yeah, yo, uh, yo
Mami, I know you got issues, you gotta man
But you need to understand that you got somethin' with
you
Ass is fat, frame is little
Tattoo on your chest with his name in the middle, uh
I'm not a hater, I just crush a lot
And the way you shake your booty I don't want you to
stop

You need to come a little closer
(Come a little closer)
And let me put you, under my arms like a Don is
supposed ta
Please believe, you leave with me
We be freakin' all night like we was on E
You need to trust the God and jump in the car
For a little heartache at the Taj Mahal
What's luv?

What's luv?
(Got to do, got to do with it, babe)
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What's luv?

Yeah, uh, yo
Yo I stroll in the club with my hat down
Michael Jack style, hot steppin', who the mack now?
Not my fault 'cuz they love the kid
Might be the chain or the whip, I don't know what it is

We just party and bullshit, c'mon mami
Put your body in motion, you got a nigga open
You came here with the heart to cheat
So you need to sing the song with me
All my ladies come on

When I look in your eyes there's no stoppin' me
I want the Don Joey Crack on top of me

(Uh, huh)
Don't want your stacks just break my back
(Yea)
Gonna cut you no slack 'cuz I'm on it like that
(Uh, woo, uh)

Come on
(Yea, yea y'all)
And put it all on me
(Yea, yea y'all, put it on ya girl)
On me
(I'ma put it on ya girl)

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